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v.

Ar Heliwr.

Ceisiwch gareg dêg, dau gi,—a llwynog,
 A lluniwch lun dyvrgi,
 Da aavaelgar dau vilgi,
 A charw rhudd ar ei chwr hi. (*Tudyr Vychan.*)

Y GLEW *.

Pan godo glew i gadu,
 A o le i le ei lu
 Ar ei ol, oer oreiliad,
 A braw ger ei law o lid;
 Trwy vyd yr â o vedi,
 Er ei lev y gwaed yw li,
 O darv, o herw dyrbau,
 Gán vin hyd y glin yn glau;
 O bob trev, er oer grevu,
 Y maga dan y mwg du.
 Hyn yw mael y gormeiliad,
 O vryd drwy vyd yw âr vrad,
 Ei vŷn yn dŷn yw diva,
 Er mwyn dwyn o enw da:
 Angeu, gân aer oer yngod,
 I bob glew edmyga glod.

Gorphenav 2 ved. 1821.

IDRISON.

English Poetry.**THE DEATH OF LLYWELYN †.**AIR—“The Men of Harlech.”

Who is he, with eye dark gleaming,
 Visage wild, yet noble seeming,
 As the fount of life, fast streaming,
 Rolls its purple tide?

* We extract this from the MANION in Mr. Owen Pughe's late publication, and recommend it particularly to those, who are apt to consider the Welsh language as harsh and inelegant. It would be difficult to select from any tongue a more remarkable instance of a contrary quality, of which the second line, in particular, is a singular specimen.—ED.

† This is another extract from Mr. Parry's late popular collection of “Welsh Melodies.” For the words we are ourselves responsible.—ED.

Lo! in anguish lying,
 Fleet his soul is flying,
 Yet still is seen
 His warlike mien,
 Like some hero dying.
CYMRU, 'tis thy Prince expiring,
 Bravest of thy race retiring,
 Fame no more his bosom firing :—
 Thy last hope and pride!

II.

Gallant Hero! still thy glory
 Shines unmatch'd in Cambrian story,
 Though thy form, so maim'd and gory,
 Sickens fancy's sight;
 As, indignant burning,
 Through the past returning,
 The patriot eye
 Beholds thee lie,
 Thy lorn state discerning :
 Friend and foeman by thee speeding,
 None thy last sad moments heeding,
 As, all wounded, pale and bleeding,
 Fails thy princely might.

III.

Near to where you torrent rushes *,
 GREAT LLYWELYN's life-drop gushes,
 Ebbing fast, though death scarce crushes
 His unconquer'd fire !
 Still for CYMRU beating,
 His heart's pulse is fleeting,
 Nor Saxon spear †,
 That rankles near,
 E'er can quell its greeting.

“ * The Wye, or Edw,—in the neighbourhood of one of which rivers Llywelyn is reported to have been slain in 1282. Tradition appropriates the event to the latter.”

“ † Warrington says, that Adam de Francton plunged a spear into Llywelyn's body.”

Foes, and foe-like friends *, despising,
 Nought but CYMRU's freedom prizeing,
 Still for her, in hope uprising,
 His last sighs expire.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

The dreadful strife of death was o'er,
 The cloud of war had roll'd away,
 When, faint and weal'ring in his gore,
 The best of Cambria's minstrels lay.
 With cold and fault'ring hand he swept
 His ancient Harp's wild strings along,
 And, as his dark eye o'er it wept,
 Pour'd forth his parting soul in song.

FAREWELL ! farewell, my father's pride,
 Thou Harp which I no more shall wake ;
 The lips grow cold that o'er thee've sigh'd,
 My hand must soon thy strings forsake.

My heart to feel thee soon must cease,
 My ear to catch thy martial strain,
 Thy tender notes of love or peace
 Will never soothe my soul again.

The gladd'ner of my youth wert thou,
 The solace of my riper years,
 But o'er thy strings, my lov'd Harp, now,
 My blood runs mingling with my tears.

Last of my race, alone I die,
 With me shall cease the sacred band,
 That wake our mountain minstrelsy,
 And laid in dust the spoiler's hand.

Dear Harp farewell, yet ere, I go,
 One lofty note thy hand shall wake,
 Thy strain of war again shall flow,
 The lov'd, the last, for freedom's sake.

“ * It is generally allowed that the fate of Llywelyn was owing to the treachery of some of his own countrymen, who betrayed him into the hands of his enemies.—See an interesting account of his last moments in Warrington's “ History of Wales,” vol. ii. p. 270. The subject for the Gwyneddigion medal last year was “ *The Fall of Llywelyn*.” The Rev. Walter Davies of Manavon was the successful candidate.”